

In spite of, perhaps in consequence of, our various reverses in battle, we have made great progress toward putting down the Rebellion, because we have made progress toward a healthier moral sentiment on the question of Slavery. Only think of it; we actually began to suppress the Rebellion by holding, rather than fighting the Rebels, with one hand, and catching and returning their loyal fugitive slaves with the other. We were soundly thrashed out of that stupid iniquity, thank God. We then tolerated, but would not encourage, the escape of enslaved patriots from their Rebel masters; but even then the

Family Miscellany.

THE MIDGE FEAST.

Where the bees and butterflies
Shine the meadow down,
Five merry little children,
Gathered from the town,
From dark and gloomy alleys,
From sickly lanes and rooms,
Dreary and sad,
Thence a place of toils.

Bargled little Johnny,
Merry little Jim,
Cooked little Harry—
How sweet the fields to him!
Matty with her white head,
Bonnet all awry,
Katie with sweet face,
Glittering in her eye.

They have roamed the meadow,
They have nuzzled the wood,
Seeking nuts and blackberries,
For their pleasant food,
With their nuts and blackberries,
And lumps of bread and cheese,
On a mossy hedge bank,
Now they sit at ease.

Drinking from the brooklet,
Neath the hawthorn tree,
Clear it runs as innocently,
Fresh and bright and free—
The hawthorn leaves and odors,
Like a blessing down,
From the pure white blossoms
Of its leafy crown.

Plump white lambs were gathered
Neath its cloven stem,
And the happy children, all
Nestled close by them;
And the thrush sang loudly
On the hawthorn spray,
And the brooklet over,
Made music on its way.

I watched contented, old singing,
To think what sweet life
Was here, that earthly riches
Might seek in vain to buy,
How easy to be had and won,
Where Nature doth suffice;
Wealth and grandeur are not
Found in Paradise.

FINISH THY WORK.

Finish thy work, the time is short;
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down—
Think of that rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;
Thy time is not to be lost;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest for ever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,
Refreshed from the toil;
Thine bread, and from each weary limb,
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down,
On some elegant hill,
And of the strength reviving air,
Take thee thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace;
Let's battle through and won;
Hear from the Master's voice,
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy lamp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of mighty joy,
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who led thee up
In all thy path below;
We made thee faithful unto death,
And crown thee with a crown.

UNSEEN.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

How do the devils find their way?
How do the devils know the day?
And open their eyes to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the midnight reach,
And the seedling from the old bird's speech;
I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the path from the danger hide,
And the stars through the trackless space ride;
I do not see that they have a guide.

Is it eyes for all who are for the work?
All motion goes to the right goal;
Oh God! I can trust for the human soul.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

The rainbow shines upon the darkest cloud;
The white dove dances on the blackest wave;
With rain and eagle we seek the storm,
And wild flowers blossom on the lowly grave.

'Tis so life! 'O joyous hours may be,
'Tis so life! 'O joyous hours may be,
Yet and the clouds of care, we often see,
The Star of Hope in mellow lustre gleam.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

Napoleon the Third, espoused the daughter of the Countess de Montijo, at a matter of profound policy. When he was first attracted by her beauty and grace, he endeavored vainly to make her his mistress. To all his inducements and promises, she turned a deaf ear. Her obstinacy inflamed into a deeper feeling that which had been but a caprice; and, at last, Napoleon began seriously to consider the advantages and disadvantages of a union with the Spanish demurelle.

He reviewed the career of the Great Napoleon, and marked the success which had attended his spouse Josephine; how she had won adherents to her husband's cause, by her grace and beauty; how those haughty and noble families, which had obstinately held aloof from the splendor of the court, gave way before the fascinations of the lovely, accomplished Josephine, and finally ranged themselves among the supporters of the Emperor. He reflected upon the fact that all his endeavors to obtain a consort among the princely families of Europe had utterly failed; and then he said to himself, "I will make this beautiful woman my Empress; she shall share my throne. Her influence shall be firmly established; her amiable and gentle rule shall be felt throughout France, and will go far to strengthen my power."

So the Emperor espoused Mademoiselle de Montijo, after having won the sympathies of the people for this union by issuing a proclamation to that effect, assuring them that she should be free to enjoy the privilege which they, one and all, possessed—that is, to marry the woman of his choice. He dwelt upon the fact that his counselors desired him to espouse some royal princess, but he loved the woman he was about to marry, and he appealed to the people to support him in his course. He knew beforehand how unanimous would be their verdict in his favor.

Then began Eugenie's reign, as the dispenser of all the court charities, and doer of all kindly actions. Through her were obtained all pardons; by her intercessions, amnesties were proclaimed; she erected hospitals, endowed asylums, and founded institutions for the education of the poor to build churches to come to their aid; and she at once began a series of grand court balls, of state concerts, of dinners of ceremony. She attended all the operas, went to all the theatres. She entered upon an unending round of gayeties.

She requested that all the ministers of the court, as well as the grand officers of her own and the Emperor's household, should give grand entertainments, and Paris forthwith rushed madly into dissipation. The Empress set the example of dressing with hitherto unattempted splendor; and from that day to this, the trades alone regarded to have had no complaint to make, as regards lack of employment. Eugenie became the undoubted, the unrivalled Empress of Fashion's realm, and, like a true woman, she delightedly revelled in her power.

Napoleon found his Empress fully and ably aiding to establish his hold upon the French people, and he determined that he would exhibit her to those of his subjects who had not yet seen her. So he made a grand tour through the Northern Provinces of the Empire, and was received—himself and his spouse—with their retinue, in the most enthusiastic manner. The success of this voyage caused Napoleon to make another journey on a much grander scale of magnificence. He determined to visit Brittany, that stronghold of legitimacy, where the people were in the habit of shouting "Vive Henry I," and where the men all wore white cockades. For months before the tour began, the Prefects throughout Brittany were instructed to make known the most crying necessities of their departments, and these necessities were, in the name of the Empress, fully satisfied. At length, the date chosen for the Imperial voyage, arrived, and, on a bright summer morning, their Majesties, with a magnificent suite, left Paris for Cherbourg, from whence they were to sail for Brest.

Napoleon had insisted upon a visit from Queen Victoria, to Cherbourg and the duty came to give *clat* to the ceremonies which took place at that town. Eugenie was seen upon that occasion, riding in the same grand state carriage with Victoria; and plain, and ugly, and unsympathetic, did England's Queen look, when seated beside Eugenie, who, in a most becoming and tasteful toilet, was the very incarnation of Imperial loveliness. I thought I had rarely beheld a greater beauty than Victoria, as she appeared that day. She wore a white dress, trimmed with light blue ribbons, a green scarf, and a bright pink parasol; while, to add to the picturesque effect of this agglomeration of colors, the ribbons of her bonnet (almost too small and too unsightly a thing to be called by that name) were a dark uncertain brown. No Frenchwoman would ever appear in state, in such a dress. The contrast was immensely in favor of Eugenie, and the proud French people shouted "Vive l'Impératrice!" with lusty lungs and intense satisfaction.

From Cherbourg to Brest, the Imperial party was transported on the magnificent war steamer *Le Bretagne*. During the voyage, which lasted four or five hours, the Emperor, degrading himself to the rank of a common sailor, granted increased pay, promotions, and other favors to French seamen, were signaled to the escorts of the vessel bearing their Majesties, and these decrees, it was specially announced, were issued by the Emperor, at the request of the Empress Eugenie. The Imperial couple had scarcely landed at Brest, ere this fact was known over all France. I had the good fortune to accompany the Imperial party on this tour, and speak of these matters from personal observation. The stay at Brest was a continued ovation. Hundreds of the miserable inmates of the *Digue*, that dreary prison, were liberated by intercession of Her Majesty. Others had the term of their imprisonment shortened. On all sides, rose loud and sincere praises of Eugenie.

Then began the trip into Brittany. The country was unprovided with railroads, and their Majesties and suite traveled by post. But this in an Imperial manner, in gala carriages embellished with the arms of the Empire, and resplendent with gold, satin, and lace. The period of this first visit to Brittany was well chosen. The inhabitants of the province were in a degree, and all over Brittany, the fine old castles, fortifications, churches erected upon a magnificent place, where wonderful miracles were once performed, as the peasants inform you, with great earnestness and sincerity. To the most renowned of these venerated spots their Majesties were to make a pilgrimage. The Prefects had, long before the departure of the Emperor, informed the Bretons that the Empress was coming to the shrine of St. Anne d'Auray, to pray for the future welfare and prosperity of her only child, the Prince Imperial, and all the hearts of Brittany's mothers beat in unison with the Empress's proclaimed desire. Her cause was thus laid won, ere she entered the province. At eight in the morning of a bright sunny day, the Imperial cortege left Brest. Ere it had proceeded a league from the city, a swarm of Breton peasants, in their picturesque holiday attire, mounted on the sturdy ponies of that region, had formed an escort to their Majesties, and at the top of their horses' speed, they raced on beside the dashing and magnificently accoutred thoroughbreds, which over the fastidious Bretons, were the only mounts of the Imperial party. Loud and continued cheers rent the air, while the peasants pressed eagerly forward to gaze at the Empress, as she leaned out of the carriage window, kissing her hand to one and all. The universal cry was, "Long live the Empress!"

The Empress was overwhelmed; all eyes were bent upon the beautiful woman, whose face was suffused with a glow of pleased surprise, of gratified ambition.

The service at St. Anne d'Auray was a most impressive one. The Archbishop went through the grand ceremonies of the Catholic Church in the open space in front of the little building dedicated to St. Anne. The church itself never could have contained one tenth the people assembled to witness that mass. Over the forested thousand Bretons, men, women, and children, were kneeling down in profound and sincere worship. As the venerable prelate called upon the Almighty to bless and preserve the Empress and her son, a murmur of heart-felt assent swept through the assembled crowd. At the termination of the mass, drums rolled, trumpets sounded, swords clanged, while the shouting of cannon, and the additional solemnity to this stirring scene. I was gazing with wonder at the recipients of all this incense, was reflecting with admiration on the grandeur of their position, when suddenly I observed a gleam of uncontrollable joy and satisfaction flash across the usually grave face of the Emperor. "See, see!" he said, grasping the arm of his wife; "is not a woman?" Every man, woman and child had done a tri-colored cockade. Brittany was won to Napoleon, and all through the power and influence of his gentle consort's loveliness and beauty.

Years passed by, and Eugenie rose in popularity and influence. Then came the Italian campaign; and ere Napoleon III. left France to go to Italy from the Hapsburg, and covered the arms of France with glory, he issued a decree naming the Empress "Regente of the Empire." She was to govern absolutely, in his absence; to preside at councils of ministers; to administer, in fact, the destinies of the country. The Empress had now reached the pinnacle of her career. Napoleon came back a victor to France.

A short period elapsed, and then began the struggles of the Italians for entire freedom, for unlettered unity. This the Emperor opposed; he had other designs for Italy. His uncomprehending policy, his apparent hostility both to the Pope and to the Italians, made him enemies on each side; and in a moment of anger and annoyance, he determined he would put down the power of the clergy in France. When this design became apparent, the priests flocked around Eugenie; they besought her aid and influence; they obtained both. She pronounced her sympathies in favor of the Church, and at once found herself in antagonism with her husband. She did not falter for a moment. Gladly with power,

placed high on the pedestal he had so diligently reared for her, she made a determined stand; and then began a struggle between the Emperor and the Empress.

In her excitement, she pushed herself so far athwart the plans of Napoleon as to cause serious outbreaks between them. On one occasion, she left France, and traveled through England and Scotland. She went without her husband's consent—in direct opposition to his wishes—but still she went. He did not prevent her leaving France—"des convenances" would have demanded thereby, and the people would have known that discord reigned in the Imperial household. Eugenie remained absent some weeks, and then returned, as she went, unbidden.

About this time, the affairs of the country became much embarrassed, and M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of State, and most devoted adherent, advised the strictest economy in the court expenses. The Empress took umbrage at this, and forthwith launched into such extravagance as frightened even the Emperor himself. He remonstrated; all in vain. Not only did Eugenie continue her reckless course, but she became exacting upon the subject of all those who belonged to the court imitating her example. From that day to this, the boundless extravagance of her expenditure has surpassed all precedent, and now the necessities were, in the name of the Empress, fully satisfied. At length, the date chosen for the Imperial voyage, arrived, and, on a bright summer morning, their Majesties, with a magnificent suite, left Paris for Cherbourg, from whence they were to sail for Brest.

This success did not satisfy Her Majesty; it was but as oil poured upon the flames. She grew more and more arrogant and meddlesome, and it became known that she had through France that the Emperor and his spouse were at variance upon all political questions, and that she was raising up a party, a political organization, to assist her plans. She was and is a determined and energetic ally of the Pope, and for him she plotted and worked with an energy worthy of any cause. She sent him vast sums of money, obtained from irregular sources; she collected from her adherents and surroundings all they could give her; caused contributions to be exacted from even the servants in the Imperial household; and, at last, when she had exhausted all her means, she pledged to the Duke of Brunswick—a monomaniac upon the subject of possessing diamonds—the jewels which the great cities of France, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Strasbourg, and others, presented to her, on the occasion of her marriage to Napoleon. These jewels were, strictly speaking, crown property, but, in her overzeal and religious enthusiasm, largely spiced with a spirit of opposition to her husband's wishes, she sold these jewels, and sent the sums obtained to the Pope.

Her old antagonist, M. Fould, has been recalled to office, by the Emperor, who is aware of his great worth, and, as Minister of Finance, Fould is once more in direct opposition to the wild extravagance of Eugenie. He pleads and menaces, but prayers and threats are alike ineffectual. The police of the Elysees, which their Majesties are to occupy next year, has just been renovated. The apartments destined for the Empress were magnificent. She found them insufficiently so, and has caused changes, and ordered additional decorations, which will cost millions upon millions.

Some time since, the Empress founded a journal in Paris, which is recognized as Her Majesty's organ. It is called *Le Courrier de la Reine*, and is edited by the notorious Vicomte de la Guernoniere, a Senator of the Empire, and famous as the reputed author of numerous pamphlets which, from time to time, have appeared in Paris, and which were, rumor says, conceived by the Emperor Napoleon, and written by His Majesty, but attributed by common consent, to La Guernoniere. This journal, which is a daily paper, contains the real nature of the transactions in question. The Emperor sketched out the *brochures*, and then M. de la Guernoniere edited the notes given him by His Majesty. This personage was appointed Chief of the "Bureau de la Presse"; that is, he was the controller of the press, and he was the one who, in the name of the Emperor, issued the orders to the press. When M. de la Guernoniere was named Minister of the Interior, he entered into a strict investigation of the different departments depending upon that office, the "Bureau de la Presse" being among the number. The transactions of M. de la Guernoniere were deemed irregular by Persigny, and he complained to the Emperor, who told him to leave the matter to the Minister of the Interior, and then His Majesty appointed M. de la Guernoniere; he has been a journalist, has always dabbled in literature, and he wished to continue this career. He demanded permission from His Majesty to found a new paper. This was refused, and then he bethought him of a grand expedition to the Emperor. The Empress Eugenie, who was persuaded by the Emperor to patronize a journal which should be her organ, and, as a natural consequence, the organ of the Catholic Church. The idea pleased Her Majesty. She furnished two millions of francs to start the enterprise, and she then demanded from the Minister of the Interior, De Persigny, permission for *Le Courrier de la Presse* to commence the immediate publication of the journal.

The Minister sought the Emperor's advice, and was ordered to refuse the required favor. This incensed the Empress, who made several ineffectual attempts to change His Majesty's decision. La Guernoniere was not to be beaten in this manner, however; he suggested to the Emperor that her Majesty should establish a journal in Brest, and then he explained to him the nature of the enterprise, and he said that further opposition was useless, and, at length, gave way, and allowed the journal to appear in Paris. For it to have been carried on, out of the Empire, would have been to expose to the world the antagonism which exists between their Majesties.

The change of character which so often occurs in Eugenie is not the only one observable in her Majesty. Though but thirty-six years of age, her beauty is sadly on the wane. Her cheeks are now pendulous, her hair thin and falling, while the nose—formerly so well shaped, so precisely adapted to her style of feature—seems far too prominent. This effect is no doubt produced by the falling of the cheeks. The Emperor's Majesty has been represented in the French term "*maquillage*,"—that is, painting cheeks, eyebrows, lashes, and lips. Her make-up is scientific, but plainly to be detected; and persons who see the Empress now for the first time, exclaim, "Why, she is not nearly so handsome as she has been represented!" She is not handsome now. Her brow has lost its bright, amiable look; the cares of her newly assumed position have wrinkled its once smooth surface; besides, she is a Spanish woman, and they soon fade. She has become capricious and overbearing;—jealous, she has even been, since her marriage, and with good cause. Her present jealousy is not pardonable; in fact, the woman is totally transformed. The query now is, is she really all she seemed, or was it policy?—were her amiability and sweetness of deportment but assumed as occasion required?

Should Napoleon be suddenly deprived of life, and Eugenie be thus made Regente, the world will witness strange scenes. It will see the Pope controlling the vast empire of France. With such an eventuality possible, a great interest centers in Eugenie—the no longer amiable, kind, good, and charitable Empress; but the madly-extravagant, bigoted, superstitious tool of the wily Jesuits.—*Harpers Weekly*.

Ant E. was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown:
"You see, my dear, how the little chickens go to roost at that time."
"Yes, aunt," replied Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them."
Ant E. tried no more arguments with him.
—*Geney Gazette*.

"POOR CRUTCHY."

From the Congregationalist.

James was a poor boy, who had lost the use of his lower limbs, and had had hard work to walk, even with the help of two crutches. He was a very poor boy, and his prospects for happiness and usefulness in life were very small. His parents were poor and humble, and this made his misfortune the more depressing, for he often feared that he would be a burden to them. But he was a good boy, and tried to keep up a brave heart. He was a very poor boy, and his prospects for happiness and usefulness in life were very small. His parents were poor and humble, and this made his misfortune the more depressing, for he often feared that he would be a burden to them. But he was a good boy, and tried to keep up a brave heart. He was a very poor boy, and his prospects for happiness and usefulness in life were very small. His parents were poor and humble, and this made his misfortune the more depressing, for he often feared that he would be a burden to them. 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